

and for the 507
THE
WICKLOW MOUNTAINS;

OR, THE
LAD OF THE HILLS,

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN
TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY O'KEEFE.

DUBLIN

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1797.

*The year before the accession
1st ed.*



Ernest L. Gay
Boston

BOUND AUG 3 1914

Pen

Frank

Donny

Sullivan

Felix.

Billy

Redman

Helen,

Rosa,

Persons of the Drama.

M E N.

<i>Franklin,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr King.
<i>Donnybrook,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Lee.
<i>Sullivan,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Callan.
<i>Felix.</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Dunn.
<i>Billy O'Rourke,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Stewart.
<i>Redmond O'Hanlon,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. Richardson.

W O M E N.

<i>Helen,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Chapman.
<i>Rosa,</i>	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Mahon.

Servants, &c. &c.

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T H E
WICKLOW MOUNTAINS;

OR, THE
LAD OF THE HILLS.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.—*A Road.*

Enter FRANKLIN and SERVANT.

Frank. SO, once again have I got up among the Mountains of Wicklow. Ay, yonder is the very cabin where I supped my bread and milk, a little chubby-cheek'd younker. Oh! but I'm every hour to expect Mr. Donnybrook, and his charming daughter from Dublin. William, remember you're not to drop my name to a soul here.

Serv. Never fear, Sir.

Frank. Well, return to the public-house where we stopp'd, open the Portmanteau, and lay out my famous drefs!

Serv. Drefs! Oh! yes, yes, Sir.

[Exit.

Frank. This delightful country! now mine, thanks to the will of my crabbed Uncle. In the disguise of the character I assum'd so successfully at the masquerade, I'll see what they are all about here. I can make trial of Sullivan the post-master's honesty, have a sharp eye too on the old companion of my childhood, Felix; of whom I have heard such dreadful stories. Lucky my finding in Dublin

6 THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS; OR,

the good old woman that nurs'd us both. My opulent family left her (and this young man, so long her only support) to indigence. This letter that she gave me for him, might discover his resources; but I've promis'd, and he shall have it. When metamorphos'd, I may also speak to my lovely Helen, without her knowing who I am; and if I find her not as amiable as she is beautiful, then farewell love! now for my disguise, instead of the young 'squire and lord of the manor, I'm an old, merry, jolly, lying, wicked, mumpping, travelling merchant. (*Mimicks*) "Sleeve-buttons, shirt-buttons, scissars, threads, rapes and needles, spectacles for all ages! do extend your charity to the poor old man!"—
[*exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Mountains.*

ROSA, *sitting at the door of her cabin, knitting.*

A I R, ROSA.

Here at her cabin door is Rosa sitting,

But oh! her thoughts in Dublin are with thee,

Move silly fingers, I must mind my knitting,

For ah! my Felix will not think of me;

That does he, says my heart in double beating,

Now blythe from hill to hill he bounds along,

How sweet is absence that can bring such meeting,

Beat, beat, my bosom, to my cheerful song;

Fly, fly, refreshing gales! ah! gently by me,

In passing, softly whisper who is come;

No news of him I love, oh! ne'er come nigh me,

Sing, sing, ye pretty birds, his welcome home.

Enter BILLY O'ROURKE, eating Fruit.

Billy. Will you eat some Fraughans, Rosa, child?

Rosa. Billy, you have been rambling over the mountains, when you should be teaching the children at Mr. Sullivan's school; you're a pretty usher.

Billy.

Billy. And you fingin' here, like a lazy sparrow, when you should mind your business.

Rosa. Well, now Billy, don't say I waste my time,—see what I've been doing, (*takes a shirt from basket*) there!

Billy. My new shirt finished! why you've put a ruffle on it! two ruffles! (*joyful*) then, blessings on you, do you want to make me a man in a ruffled shirt? a ruffle on my right hand, and a ruffle on my wrong—no, my left hand, and a great long ruffle down my neck!—next Sunday I shall strut into Chapel, like a white gilled Turkey-cock.—No man that ever sold Goats milk on the Mountains of Wicklow, was—you talk of Felix! psha! I am—

[*snaps his fingers and struts.*]

A I R, BILLY.

Some run after the Buck and Doe;

Some a Fox will set galloping,

Some will chase a Hare pussey-fo,

Chevy their Horses sides walloping;

Gentlemen guzzle up Claret wine,

Ale in the throat will run ripple down,

Ladies tea-talk like a Parrot fine,

O! my Goats milk is the tippie down.

Step out, best leg, and cry, come, body.

When I look smart, give me joy for it,

Genteels shall find that I'm somebody,

Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.—*Whoop.*

My Goat he's fond of skipping high,

Dance he shall at the Hay-market,

My Kid sings so top-tipping—why

Not ma! ma! sweetly as they Lark it;

Ditches, a good nag brings us over,

Dogs through all troubles will follow man,

If long beards make a philosopher,

Then is my Goat a wise Solomon.

Step out, best leg, &c.

Ruffles

Ruffles shall over my knuckles dab,
 Blue silk waistcoat I'll dress in too,
 Sullivan's white powdered wig I'll nab,
 And take of compliment lessons, two;
 Step out, best leg, and cry, come, body,
 When I look smart, give me joy for it,
 Genteels shall find that I'm somebody,
 Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.—*Whoop.*
 Step out, best leg, &c.

Enter FRANKLIN, in his disguise.

Frank. Ha! I'm glad to see the boys and girls so sweet to one another. And my honey, were you singing a song for her? the very birds in the air, set you that gay example—look among the hens and chickens, see that tight, smart cockerel, how he chaunts and crows round the little pullers.

[in a feigned voice.]

Billy. What do you chatter to me about cocks and hens, you beggarly looking thief? who are you with the devil to you?

Rosa. Oh shame! Billy, you're always abusing every body.

Frank. Let him alone, honey, the poor must bear and forbear. I'll tell you who I was, for I have had my day.

Billy. So have I.

Frank. Ay, every Dog has his day.

Billy. What do you sell? speak this instant.

[shakes him.]

Frank. Oh! why do you shake one about, as if I was a bag of cockles?

Rosa. You've got such a cross way, Billy, by crowing over the little boys in Mr. Sullivan's school. But you're not an usher here.

Billy. *(Ironically)* Oh! miss sweet-lips,—pretty rose-bud! *(bows)* what do you sell if you please, Sir?

[bows.]
Frank,

Frank. buttons, a comely pi and tapes. charity or bargain.

Billy. I pair of *(takes it)* you'd pic and stuck what! F

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Frank. Oh Sir! (*bows ironically*) decent sleeve-buttons, and handsome spectacles for all ages,—comely pins and needles, and well behaved threads and tapes. When I can't sell, I beg.—So either in charity or fair dealing, I've always the best of the bargain.

Billy. Bargain! I'm your customer. I'll buy a pair of sleeve-buttons for my new ruffled shirt. (*takes it*) Oh! how nice you've marked it! as if you'd pick'd out the letters from your very sampler, and stuck them on, now for the W.O.R. eh! what! F—o—f!

Rosa. To be sure; it's for Felix.

Billy. Ruffling shirts for Felix! that's pretty behaviour. [*walks in a passion.*]

Rosa. Don't be angry Billy. Besides his kindness to me, Felix is good natur'd to every body. He is generous to all that's in want or sickness.

Frank. My companion such an excellent character! this is not what I've been led to believe. [*aside.*]

Rosa. Then Billy, Felix is so handsome, and here he is.

Billy. Here he is, and he is not so handsome.

Frank. Ah! I remember the boyish features, but exceeding well grown up. [*aside.*]

Enter FELIX.

Billy. You're not as handsome as me! Felix.

[*struts up to him.*]

Rosa. Felix! why, I believe you've been to Dublin?

Felix. I have my sweet Rosa, and have brought you a silver thimble; and here, Billy, is a red silk handkerchief for Sunday.

Rosa. I thank you Felix, but I can't accept it.

Billy. Thank ye, Felix, but I can't accept it, (*ties it in a great bow round his neck*) I thank ye, Felix, but indeed I cannot accept it! (*ludicrously*) there, that's

that's Felix's way, he's always making presents to the folks, a busy cur! now I never make presents to any body.

Rosa. Do not be offended, but I must not take any thing from you, till I first know how you get the money to buy it?

Billy. Felix, I don't want to affront you, but I believe you're a robber!

Frank. How! oh! this may be the malice of rustic jealousy; (*aside*) but, young gentleman, your generosity hurts the poor man that wants to live by turning the penny.

Felix. Oh! I'll not do mischief either. What have you got? [*looks.*]

Billy. He's got fine spectacles. I wish I had a pair to make a present to my master, Mr. Sullivan, it would save me many lugs by the ear. Felix, dam'me, I'll buy a pair, if you'll pay for them?

Felix. Ha, ha, ha! with all my heart. Here then. [*gives 'em to Billy, and money to Franklin.*]

Rosa. Felix you've given him two half crowns. Why, you might have bought 'em for sixpence. Ah! light come, light go.

Billy. Ay, what's got over the devil's back, is—

Frank. Oh fie! don't blame the lad, for helping honest industry.

Rosa. Certainly it's very good in him so far; but his having so much money is the talk of every soul in Croghan.

Billy. You pulled out, the last time you came from Dublin, four guineas, two half guineas, six crown pieces, three bright farthings, and a bundle of sixpences. You go from home here without a penny in your pocket—you stand behind a windmill on Red-cross-hill, and you rob the gentlemen and ladies, as they pass in their coaches. Look now, there's a coach coming over the common yonder, see how Felix watches it, just as a cat would a robbin.

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Frank. Then, but for us, he'd be at his trade.

[apart.

Billy. He's groping for his pistol.

[noise and shrieks without.

Felix. Those horses are running with the coach down the hill.

[exit.

Billy. There's a lady within—she's in a blessed way?

Frank. Heavens! it's my Helen and her father.

[exit.

Rosa. Why don't you go and assist in stopping the horses, Billy?

Billy. Lord, if ever I saw such spirited nags! there they kick and jump. The coach will have an immense tumble down the quarry. Talk of horses and carriages. Nothing like a man's own handsome leg.

[walks ridiculously.

Rosa. There! Felix has caught hold of the bridle of the first horse.

Billy. See how he rears, and pulls him up in the air! hoo! *(shouts)* If I wasn't sure Mr. Sullivan didn't want me to open school, I'd join in the fun. But let old Sullivan go to the devil, I will divert myself.

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sull. Oh, ho! you're here.

[takes him by the ear and leads him off.

Rosa. The gentlefolks are safe; thanks to my brave Felix.

Re-enter FELIX.

Oh, my Felix! how good you are!

Felix. It's very wrong the ladies not getting out, and walking down that hill.

Rosa. They're not hurt, I hope.

Felix.

Felix. Oh! no, no harm, but what the coach-maker can repair. But my dear Rosa, I'm exceedingly hurt by your suspicions.

Rosa. Well, now nobody is bye, do tell me how you get your money?

Felix. The time will come; and very soon, when you shall know how I have a guinea, for other people's shilling; but while I put it to a good purpose, don't think ill of me.—I think I may trust Rosa. (*aside*) Come my love, look pleasant—I'll call upon you to-night, and then, perhaps I may tell you.

Rosa. I shall expect you to supper. But, dear Felix, let me know no more than you think proper.

Duet—FELIX, ROSA.

Both. Ah! dearest love, will you ever love me?
Treasur'd in v'lets are sweets for the bee;
Is the morning sun-beam cheering, ah?
Is the Lark's first note worth hearing, ah?
Is the dew-drop clear?
Call'd the snow-drop's tear?

Setting sun do ploughmen joy to see;

Felix. Does Rosa then doat on her own grama-chree?

Rosa. Does Felix then doat on his own grama-chree?

Felix. My dearest,
My dearest;

Rosa. Say oh! will you love me?

Felix. Do sweet flowers open to the morning ray?
You are my sweet flower;

Rosa. You are the dawn above me;

Felix. Adieu my dearest Rosa!

Rosa. Adieu my dearest Felix!

Both. Oh! may our hours in love serenely glide away.

[*exceunt separately.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Sullivan's House.**Enter SULLIVAN.*

Sull. And you must be courting Rosa, and be damn'd to you?

Billy. Yes, I must—and the horses were so rusty.

Sull. I thought Billy, I was post-master in this here town of Arklow, and school-master, and that my school was the chapel, and I was owner of three herring-boats.

Billy. Well, and a'n't you?

Sull. Then as you are my usher, never stand before me with a hat upon your cangrona, (*snatches off his hat, Billy picks it up and wipes it on Sullivan's coat*) and never speak to me without saying, Sir!

Billy. Lord, I couldn't remember that. It would hurt my intellects.

Sull. What you spalpeen cur! mind you see master Fogerty a copy.

Billy. For your crustiness, Felix's spectacles never rides upon your bandy nose. [*aside.*]

Sull. What, are you talking about my nose?

Billy. I was only saying I wanted a quill for a new pen.

Sull. You want a quill! and pray what do you think the old gander is marching about the door for? d'ye hear? write Master Pat. Mulvany's multiplication table, on his new sheet of brown paper; and tell Master Shamos Meguiggin, that I'll whip him for drawing dogs and foxes on his new slate; that is, if his daddy, Mr. Meguiggin, don't send me that sheaf of barley he promis'd me. [*shouts without.*]

Billy. There's the boys making a hullabaloo at the school door.

Sull. And why don't you go and open it, you whelp?

Billy. (*Takes down last, slates, books, rules, &c. from a shelf*) Oh! if every babe of 'em doesn't give me

B

his

his morning's bread and butter, how my cat will whisk her nine tails about their legs!

Sull. How do you mean, honey?

Billy. Why, dam'me, so.

[whips his legs and runs off.]

Sull. Oh! you cursed hound! eh! 'Squire Donnybrook!

Enter DONNYBROOK, and two FOOTMEN.

Don. Come, put down my coat there, I have done with lace for some time. Ah! Mr. Sullivan, I presume. Well, my friend Sir Richard, told you I suppose, of my coming down, or rather coming up here, and that I'll lodge with you.

Sull. Oh! Mr. Donnybrook! then it was your coach that was overturned just now? well, Sir, you shall have a glass of Claret, and in our Irish way, I won't ask you whether you will, or no.

Don. No—I—prefer a little of your Wicklow Ale.

Sull. And that you shall have—here, Billy.

Enter BILLY.

Billy. May be you want me.

Sull. And where's your Sir? and where's your bow? (*Billy bows*) arragh boy! don't kick up your leg in that manner. Suppose Master Mc. Fogerty was behind you, what a devil of a kick you'd give him in the shin.

Billy. Sir, will you sit down? *[places a chair.]*

Don. Thank ye.

Sull. Then, how dare you ask even the Pope, to sit in my school elbow chair, and be damn'd to you.

Billy. Oh! very well, pray Sir, sit on this stool.

[takes the chair from him.]

Don. What's this?

Sull. 'Squire, don't think me unmannerly, you're welcome to my great chair, if it was made of gold and

and ivory; but my usher and my boys, must believe
I'm the greatest bird in the bush. (*apart*) Billy, boy,
from your behaviour, I'm sure the gentleman
cou'dn't tell what I am.

A I R, SULLIVAN.

Pray look on me Sir, and then guess my vocation,
I'm school-master here, and I teach the young boys;
I squat in my chair, and such curst botheration,

Enough for to deafen a drum with their noise:
This lad you see here—you've a hole in your
stocking! (*apart*.

Why Sir, he's my usher—pho Bill, where's your
bow?

How neatly he stands—with your elbows out-
cocking! (*apart*.

What a mannerly child—to kick up like a cow:

Then Sir, he can write,
Your soul he'd delight,
With his A, B, C, D,
And his D, E, F, G,
And his , lal, lal, de, ral, &c.

My boys bring me corn, when their daddies are reaping,

They cypher so famously all on their slate;
I lock up their books, just to teach them book-keeping,

Tho' shut now his mouth; Sir, that cur's full of
prate:

In short of my youths, I'm a noble commander,
Fine horses I make out of young ragged colts;
On Sunday before 'em, I walk like a gander,
And they all hop after, like gay turkey polts:

Then Sir, they can write,
Your soul they'd delight,
With their A, B, C, D,
And their D, E, F, G,
And their fal, lal, lal, de, ral, &c.

(*exeunt Sullivan and Billy.*

B 2

Don.

Don. Why does my daughter sit in the coach?

Foot. Sir, miss Helen's woman was so frighten'd at the danger, that she fell quite ill upon it, and my lady observing a smart looking girl at a cottage-door as we pass'd thro' the village, thought she might hire her a little, and so has walk'd back to have some talk with the girl herself.

Don. Well, do you see, your lady, my wife; sent me up to the mountains in state; but now I'll unstate myself for one month at least. There now, my two sinecure footmen, take yourselves and my fine gingerbread coach back again to Merriion-Square. I come hither for sport,—that I'll have in shooting grouse. My daughter, miss Helen Donnybrook, comes here for health, that she'll quaff up in fine air, and Goats milk; so begone back to Dublin, you superfine gaudy rascals; march, trip, skip, hop, bounce!

Foot. Ah! master breaks out now he hasn't my lady to controul him (*aside*) [exit.]

Re-enter SULLIVAN, calling off.

Sull. Come Billy, bring in in. 'Squire, you have rusticated yourself into a country Fox.

Don. Time and season. In town I was gay; I rattled, swore, guzzled and gambled; but here I'm rural, simple and serene.

Enter BILLY, with a mug.

Billy. Sir, I just now handed miss, your beautiful daughter, out of the coach. I hope I wasn't too bold. What a shabby figure I must have cut; (*aside*) pray, 'Squire, what do you do with your old clothes, that you throw off? [looking at them.]

Don. Why, I give 'em to my man.

Billy. Your honor's welcome to Arklow; (*drinks*) master, here's long life to you.

Sull. Then the devil fly away with your manners.

Don. You shou'd have first taught him a few; come, come, don't be cow'd down, Billy, my man.

Billy.

Billy. Oh! I'm his man; thank ye Sir! these o'd clothes I shall be obliged to wear. 'Squire if you let me serve milt with Goats milk, she shall have a pale of it under the window every morning, before the crow can shake his ears.

Sall. But, Billy, we should warn Mr. Donnybrook against Felix.

Billy. Right; Sir, never go shooting on the hills, without taking a gun with you.

Don. Why, it's what I generally do.

Sall. My way.

Don. Felix is, I suppose, that travelling pedlar, that came to assist us, when we broke down.

Billy. Oh! Sir, no; Felix is a saucy boy, that courts my-Rosa; but he's very ugly, isn't he master?

Sall. Yes; he's a deformed man. Then Felix is so un-civil.

Billy. He wouldn't put one foot before another to oblige a living soul.

Sall. And if he meets you on a common, he wouldn't mind knocking your head against a stone wall.

Don. Then you shouldn't enclose the commons.

Billy. And he's so unmannerly, that if you'd take off your hat, and say "how do you do Mr. Felix?" he'd stomp by you, like the stomp of a pigeon-house.

Don. So, on a sum up, this Felix is a saucy, rude, ugly, deformed, uncivil stomp of a post? I'm a magistrate,—he shan't stay here to frighten me, when I'm running over the sweet, blooming heaths; I'll transport him! the infernal rascal! ecod! you've fired me so, that if he comes in my way——

Enter FELIX.

ah! my dear worthy lad! (*shakes hands*) I'm very glad to see you, I long'd to make some acknowledgement and return you my hearty thanks.

B 3

Felix,

Felix. Sir, the pleasure of assisting any that stand in need of it, is to me a sufficient recompense.

Sull. Billy, I'm amaz'd!

Billy. Sir, I'm astonish'd!

Sull. Felix, I charge you before Squire Donnybrook, as a common highway footpaddy.

Don. Then, this is the lad you've been abusing so?

Billy. Sir, he's a robber.

Don. He can't, he saved my life, my daughter, and my four coach horses!

Sull. Sir, he wears the best of clothes.

Billy. And a ruffled shirt, so he must be a rogue.— I wish I had ruffles to my shirt,—damn him how fine he looks!

[aside.]

Sull. Felix, you either rob, or have sold yourself to the devil for your gold.

Felix. Neither.

Sull. Why you do more good in the village, than all of us put together, so you must be a bad man,—then you're always going to Dublin, and coming back, and what for?

Billy. And people sends him letters,—now nobody sends me letters, tho' I'm an O'Rourke.

Sull. Well thought on,—as I'm post-master, and all the letters comes thro' my hands, I'll open yours, and find how you get the money.

Felix. Open my letters! then all is blown indeed. The boy is now on the road with the Arklow mail.
(aside.)

[exit hastily.]

Sull. There! he cou'dn't stand the charge, but has run away with himself.

Don. Then, by the time this Felix does good enough to be canonized for a saint, he'll be quite a devil among you all. But am I to have no supper here?

Billy. Suppose Sir, you go and shoot a little; I'll show you such big round flocks of Grouse. I wish I could get some for a present to Rosa; *(aside)* besides, Sir, I shoot a little myself; you shall see how I'll

cock

cock one eye, and wink the other. Hey! they're up! whiz! [points and shouts.

Sull. Pray Billy, turn your muzzle another way.

Trio.—DON. SULL. BILLY.

Don. A life of town fashion is all a mere folly,
Grimace, affectation, nor friendship, nor truth,
High up among green hills in altitude jolly,
We rove on the tip toe of pleasure;
The bees in great cities, for drones buzz and cluster,
Why blast in smoak'd dungeons, our rosy
cheek'd youth;
To freedom and nature, dull mortals, be juster,
O'er mountains our limits come measure.

Sull. A basket of Turf, go bring in my brave Billy,
I love a good fire to comfort my nose,
A bowl of Colcannon, oghone! is the lilly,
And let a big Turkey be roasted.

Billy. I'll bring you of Whiskey a plentiful mether,
And Sir, I'll remember a pitcher of Booze,
Then round your square table we'll sit down
together,
And all the fine girls shall be toasted.

[exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Mountains, Rosa's Cabin.*

Enter FRANKLIN, in his disguise.

Frank. This clash of contradictory reports. They
allow Felix is their universal benefactor, yet all agree
that he must get his money by improper means. Eh!
he's here, running out of town this late hour, is
suspicious,—if, as that clown said, his business should
be to collect from travellers— [retires.

Enter FELIX.

Felix. Yes, here the post-boy must pass; if there
is a letter for me in the bag, he may for a little cash,
give

give it me and keep secret, so prevent Sullivan discovering my hidden precious resource. A pity my nurse was from home, when I call'd there yesterday, she'll be distress'd, and perhaps may write this very post, enough, to let any reader know the means, by which I have relieved her. (*sees Franklin*) Isn't that the facetious pedlar?

Frank. (*Aside*) He sees me, (*advances,*) tol, lol, lol, (*sings*) then Heaven bless you my good young man.

Felix. The same to you. [*boy's horn without.*]

Frank. The post-boy—

Felix. Yes, with the Dublin Letters for Arklow,—
I—I—want to speak to him.

Frank. Sure he won't rob the mail! yet so communicative of his villainy! [*aside.*]

Felix. I think he has a letter for me, that I would not wish should fall into the post-master's hands.

Frank. Then it's only a letter for himself he wants out of it, I think, I hope he is slandered. (*aside.*)
From a girl, eh! ah! ah! [*slyly.*]

Felix. Ha, ha, ha! no faith, it's from my old nurse, that lives in Dublin.

Frank. Indeed!—how fortunate! [*aside.*]

Felix. To get that from the boy, would make me the happiest fellow in the world. [*half aside.*]

Frank. If your mind is really good, now for a severe trial. (*aside.*) [*exit unperceived.*]

Felix. Shall I ask the boy or no? upon consideration I'd better not, he might refuse, and I get vex'd, perhaps he'd run into town complaining; then Sullivan would have a handle for his ill will to me. No, if there's a letter, I'll leave it to chance. Eh! I'm before Rosa's Cabin; well thought on, I am to be with her; (*horn*) how sweet that sound, this tranquil evening, over the hills; but harsh to the voice of love and Rosa.

A I R,

A I R, FELIX.

The horn shrill, mellow, loud and clear,
May call to chace a fearful deer,

How poor the hunter's pride;
The trumpet puffs in boasting strain,
To fight, and o'er the verdant plain,
Must flow a crimson tide.

The post-boy's horn, hark! music rare!
Now skims the lake, now fills the dell,
Or sink, or float, upon the air,
Or dying pant, or nobly swell;
His eager sports, let death proclaim,
To camp and forest round;
The lover hears the voice of fame,
When flutes melodious sound.

At rural feasts, the master's skill,
The pipe can warble make at will,
To join the dulcet voice;

Blind minstrel sit in tuneful state,
Thy harp, oh! sweetly modulate,
You charm and we rejoice.

The post-boy's horn, hark! music rare!
Now skims the lake, now fills the dell,
Or sink, or float, upon the air,
Or dying pant, or nobly swell;
Horn, harp, pipe, trumpet, loud proclaim,
Fight, dance, or song around;
The lover hears the voice of fame,
When flutes melodious sound.

Re-enter FRANKLIN.

Felix. Ha! my merry, honest fellow here again!

Frank. Young man, the money you generously
gave me this morning, for my spectacles, was four
and sixpence over the price, that buys me a jolly
stock of merchandize, and makes me happy; you
said, the letter you expected, would make you so,
there it is.

[gives it.]
Felix.

Felix. S'death! you hav'n't forc'd it from the boy?

Frank. Ask no questions, you have it, and be happy. *[exit singing.]*

Felix. This is a very dangerous act of kindness; why, there's no post-mark! she must have sent it in a cover. Then my new venturous friend has torn it off to prevent detection. Plague on't I wish he hadn't been so busy. However, since I have got it, I may as well see, what says my good old woman.

Enter BILLY, with birds in a net.

Billy. Oh! they'll catch the robber, ecod, I've left Mr. Donnybrook to grope his way home as he can. Pho! let him lay down on the top of the hill, and roll into the town at the bottom of it, he, he, he! I've got all his birds, he has had the sport, but I have the game; Rosa shall broil all these fat Grouses for her and my supper. *(going, sees Felix)* What, Felix! Arklow and the whole country is up, do you know any thing about it?

Felix. About what?

Billy. Why the mail is robb'd.

Felix. Ha! then he did force it from the boy. Is he in the habit of doing these things, or was it the impulse of the moment, to serve me? I observ'd his activity in endeavouring to assist the people, when the coach broke down, so I'll think the best of him. *(aside)* But Billy, sure there's only one letter taken, and for that, I'll sooner—than have a noise—I myself will pay—the postage—out—of my own pocket, *(confused)* and then there's no harm done.

Billy. You'll pay the postage! why, what is it to you? and how came you to know how many letters were taken? no harm done! Mr. Sullivan says they're always gibbeted upon the spot where the fact is committed, hung up in chains, as a warning to the Crows, and the Sheep, and the Sea-gulls.

Felix. Wretched man! why would he do this?

[aside, and much agitated.]

Billy.

Billy
reading
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Felix
Billy
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coming
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Rosa!
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Billy.

Billy. What's the matter with Felix? he was reading a letter just now, eh! how! bless my head! he said there was but one letter taken; oh, ho! then the secret's out, (*whistles*) this is how Felix gets his money. (*aside*) Felix, upon the very spot where we now stand, what a terrible fine place for a gibbet.

Felix. I'm faint, and tremble.

[*aside.*

Billy. Why your face is as white as a Goat's elbow; here's Mr. Sullivan and the whole posse coming to look for the robber. Ah Felix! I wasn't quite out, when I said you hid behind the windmill, to rob the gentlefolks.

Felix. (*Alarmed*) Me! am I suspected of this?

Billy. Oh! no, you're not suspected,—pretty well known,—I'll go in and tell Rosa, that winds him up with her, she's so honest.

[*goes into house.*

Felix. The poor fellow wou'dn't have committed this action but for me; the crime is all mine; unless I give him up, a shameful death must be my doom. How to escape? Rosa is beloved of all, if she conceals me, they'll not force their way into her cabin. Rosa! Rosa!

[*Rosa appears at a window.*

Rosa. Who's there?

Felix. My love, open the door, quick, quick, and you save my life,

Rosa. Felix, as long as I could, my affection for you, repel'd every thought to your prejudice; whilst all were in full certainty of your dishonesty, love whispered, "Rosa, only doubt it,"—but this last action—Felix I must speak to you no more, and if possible forget you.

Felix. My life is in your hands, won't you preserve it? save me my dear, my only love.

[*kneels.*

Billy. (*At the window*) get away, we know nothing about you.

Felix. Then this is the cause, treacherous Rosa!

[*rises.*

Billy.

Billy. Come don't you abuse the girls, with your impudent robberies.

Felix. Then life is not worth preserving.

[leans against a tree.]

Billy. Here they come to take him; ecod I'll have the reward; my beautiful Felix, if you attempt to run away, I'll shoot you flying. *[retires.]*

Enter SULLIVAN and REDMOND O'HANLON.

Red. When I question'd the boy, he said the fellow was muffed, and he cou'dn't swear to him.

Sull. Redmond, I know Felix did this, by his running out of my house, when I talk'd about his letter.

Enter DONNYBROOK, groping.

Don. Damn it, I'm quite astray, how shall I get home?

Sull. Justice Donnybrook! Sir, the mail is robb'd!

Don. Ay, you're a pretty parcel of pickpockets; that cursed fellow pretended to be my guide, led me about and about, then ran away with my birds.

Enter BILLY, hastily from house.

Billy. Master, I saw a letter.

Don. Oh! you poaching villain, where's my game? *[collars him.]*

Billy. Lord, Sir, none of your game now, we've other fish to fry, a'n't we going to law? Master, I just this moment saw Felix reading a letter that he took from the Mail.

Sull. You saw him! then Billy honey, you were the man that was seen with him.

Don. You're an accomplice.

Billy. Me! I wasn't within ten miles of him.

Red. I know who it was.

Don. There, I knew it wasn't Felix, an honest e'low, didn't he save me? tender hearted fellow! didn't he save my daughter? a brave fellow! didn't he

he in the danger, put Helen's little lap-dog in his coat pocket?

Billy. Pocketted a dog too; aye, he can afford to pay the tax.

Red. The begging pedlar was Felix's confederate.

Felix. (Advancing.) I had no confederate, the crime was all my own.

Don. Indeed! is it possible I cou'd be so deceiv'd in this young man! but what a foolish knave to own it. *(aside)* Now Bob, I think this lad is innocent, because, supposing I was guilty, I'd be hang'd if I'd confess it.

Sull. Well, as he has confess'd it, he'll be hang'd.

Don. Felix must be lock'd up in the Chapel to night, and to-morrow I'll convey him under a strong guard, to Wicklow jail.

Sull. Billy, boy, fetch away the childrens copy books, or Felix will be stealing the paper, to write petitions to the Lord Lieutenant.

Quartetto—SULL. DON. RED. FELIX.

Sull. Felix you have robb'd the mail,

Don. And thus I speak the law's decree;

Sull. Honey you must go to jail,

And hang upon a tree.

Felix. I shall make no resistance,

With hope lost, is existence.

Rosa at window. Ah! how cruel to my jewel,

Love, I have used thee to ill.

*Chorus.—*Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.

Felix. Like the glorious sun is death,

Which we cannot bear to look on;

Come, and yet my latest breath,

Shall blessings call on Rosa.

Billy. Strike a light, gay and bright,

Rosa, broil our little grousy;

Felix swing, oh! I'll sing,

Rosa then shall be my frousy.

C

Rosa.

Rosa. When worth thus from the world departs,
Our prayers to Heaven ascend;
And tears and sighs from grateful hearts,
Thy fleeing soul attend.

Chorus.—When worth thus from, &c.

Sull. We'll lock you up in the Chapel all right,
To-morrow to prison as soon as light.

Felix. Come then away, farewell! in your night
stories tell,

How fond Felix was betray'd, by a dear
lovely maid;

With joy shall I hear the knell, of poor Felix
passing bell;

Bear me then quick along, love hear my
dying song.

Chorus. Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.

END OF ACT I

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I,—*Inside of Rosa's Cabin.**Enter ROSA.*

A I R.

A Linnet pursu'd, to my window it flew,
 It flutter'd and trembl'd, the Hawk was in view;
 So plaintively tender, his note still I hear,
 Ah! tender indeed, 'twas the voice of my dear:
 No pity could move, I the trembler betray,
 And thus the vile Hawk, tears my Linnet away.
 Where now is my Felix? where soon shall he be?
 And what must his thoughts be, if thinking of me?

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Ha! good morning to you my dear girl;
 Rosa, I pretended to my father, that I'd take an easy,
 quiet saunter over the hill; but 'twas only to have a
 little more chat with you, do you know that I like
 you vastly?

Rosa. Oh! ma'am, I cannot think that such an
 ignorant girl as I, could so soon obtain the favor of
 a lady.

Helen. Have you ever been in Dublin? no! then
 you have no idea of the elegant delights of plays,
 ridottos, public breakfasts, castle balls, circular road
 canters, new garden concerts, and black rock cassinos!
 Rosa, you shall be my confidante, ha, ha, ha, both
 papa and mama think me ill, but, dear, I only coun-
 terfeited, deceiv'd even the doctors, so they sent me
 into the country.

Rosa. But why miss, did you pretend to be ill?

Helen. Because, mama, so grand! would have me
 marry a man, only on account of his having come
 to an immense estate, by the death of an uncle, and
 this compulsion has given me a great aversion for
 him.—I hav'n't yet seen him, but have set him down
 in my fancy, as a puppy.

C 2

Rosa.

Rosa. Aye, but ma'am, since those delights of Dublin, are only to be enjoyed by rich gentry, a marriage with this gentleman, procures you pleasure to your heart's content.

Helen. True Rosa, but the content of my heart, is to choose for myself; I never yet was in love, and 'tisn't mama's experience can convince me 'tis so charming.

A I R, HELEN.

Virgin snows the landscape spreading,
Wide, one vacant blank display,
Hidden charms our steps o'er treading,
E'er descends the ardent ray:
Tender thoughts the maid despising,
Cold to nature and her laws,
Love's pure genial flame arising,
Forth each latent passion draws:
Fly my bosom, sage reflection,
Fill the void, some kind affection;
Friendship smiling,
Time beguiling,
Soothing, cheering,
Life endearing,
Till the lover,
I discover;
Who can make me yes repeat,
And my heart, pit, pat, to beat,
Such the spark of life to me,
Or my heart be cold and free.

Enter BILLY, in Donnybrook's, first clothes, large Wig powdered, &c. with a flaggon.

my father! Rosa, I must be very ill (*apart*) oh! this lassitude is intolerable! heigho!

[*pretends to faint, Rosa supports her,*

Rosa. (*Not looking at him*) Oh, Sir! miss is so fatigu'd and so weak—won't your honor please to sit down?

Billy.

lights of
Henry, a
pleasure

heart, is
ove, and
e 'tis so

Billy. Sir! honor! oh! now she's talking to my garb, (*aside*) get out of that, you hussley, how dare you catch ladies in your arms, when I am by?

Rosa. Why gracious! miss, it's only Billy O'Rourke.

Helen. (*Starts up*) What an impudent creature! to put me to the trouble of fainting, for nothing, but how came he in papa's clothes?

Rosa. Billy, isn't this Felix's ruffled shirt? where did you get it?

Billy. Ask no questions, you—miss I've been searching through every room in our house, and I didn't find you.

[*takes a glass and trencher from his pocket, fills.*]

Helen. You didn't find me—sure!

Billy. So I thought I'd bring this fine glass of Goat's milk, (*presents*) drink it miss, for the recovery of your consumption.

Helen. Here offers a little diversion, (*aside*) wasn't it you that handed me out of the coach last night? I thought I remember'd it was just such a handsome young man.

Billy. Eh! hem! Rosa, ladies can find I'm a handsome young man.—Rosa I know loves me—I'll vex her; miss, you're a beautiful soul.

Helen. So, I've made a conquest here, (*apart*) and pray, is it your way to squeeze ladies hands, when you gallant them out of coaches?

Billy. Did I? I believe I did, I ask pardon, miss—ecod I'll throw a sheep's eye at her.

[*winks and grimaces.*]

Rosa. Billy, you're very rude to stand and make faces at the young lady.

Billy. Ah! she's jealous—go you, and make faces at your fine thief, Felix, through the spike holes of the chapel, (*Rosa weeps*) may be now I'm making my fortune, and don't know it—she fainted at sight of me—I'll court her, (*leers and awkwardly pats her with his hat*) he, he, he! Rosa is ready to die with

Wig

this

her,
fa-
fit

illy.

spite,—she'll come and give her a dig with her scissars, by and bye. *[aside.]*

Helen. How shall I keep my countenance? *[aside.]*

Billy. It's well miss hasn't got a cap on her head—ma'am won't you swallow the milk? stop! I'll sweeten it with a touch of my own cherry lips; *(drinks it off)* ecod it was so nice, it slip'd down, before I cou'd whistle after it.

Helen. Well, this is the completest love scene I ever saw, heard, or read of, ha, ha, ha! *[aside.]*

Rosa. My poor, unhappy Felix! miss Helen might make interest with her father for him; *(aside)* madam cou'd I speak a word with you?

Helen. With pleasure, my dear,—adieu,—farewell—bye, bye—heigho! *[exeunt Helen and Rosa.]*

Billy. Well, if this is not being in love with a body, I'm not Bissy O'Rourke; what a rare conception for me to put on this apparel!—how good of her papa to give me them! that jealous wretch to run away with her. This moment is the nick of my fortune, I wish I had some friend to consult. *[walks.]*

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sull. This scoundrel Billy! I send him round to the young gentlemen's daddies and mammies, to tell them I could have no school to-day, because of Felix being lock'd up in the chapel; *(sees Billy, stares)* arrah then—is it—Billy O'Rourke! what, put on the Squire's clothes! and my new caxen too and be damnd to you; oh! I see it, you've put them on to come courting.

Billy. You may say that.

Sull. But I'll let Rosa know she's not to take my usher's time, if she was as pretty as a Yellow-hammer. Come you back home, Billy, and mind your affairs. *[stretches out his hand.]*

Billy. *(Shrinking away)* Pho! let my ear alone now, I beseech you: master, there's a great deal of good sense, under your wig.

Sull.

Sull. Why, boy, I have sense to be sure; were you going to talk about that?

Billy. Mr. Sullivan, when a man's without a wife, what is he to do?

Sull. Why, he's to do without a wife.

Billy. Yes, Sir, but how is he to get one?

Sull. Court her to be sure.

Billy. No occasion for that—she I've chosen, loves me already.

Sull. Then are you so vain as to suppose Rosa likes you?

Billy. Rosa! (*snaps his fingers*) miss Helen Donnybrook. [*proudly.*]

Sull. What! pho! you conceited fop, be easy—eh! but what reason have you to think she likes you?

Billy. my boy?

Billy. Can't tell my love secrets; honor, honor, honor! [*strikes his breast.*]

Sull. True, nothing like honor, as I say, when I catch you at my hen-roost, thieving my new laid duck eggs.

Billy. Damn your similies—miss Helen Donnybrook. [*walks about.*]

Sull. Eh! the 'Squire giving him his clothes is some sign of favor. Now if merely to thwart his proud wife's scheme of marriage for *his* daughter, he shou'd give her to O'Rourke, and that the young lady herself shou'd take a fancy to him.—I've heard of grand ladies running away with drummers, and footmen, and counsellors, and such sort of jockies—*Billy*, I'll give—no I'll lend you my advice; if, when you've succeeded, you'll get my lease renew'd without a rise on the farm!

Billy. Well, Sir, I will.

Sull. Then my advice is—you'll make me a present of a hamper of wine!

Billy. Yes, yes.

Sull

Sull. Then Billy, listen—you'll give me a *Cheshire* cheese?

Billy. I will—I will—tell me?

Sull. Marry her, if you can.

Billy. You may be sure on't, and if I get her fortune, put me in mind of the bottle of wine and the pound of *Cheshire* cheese.

Sull. Pho! a hamper, and a hundred.

Billy. Aye, Sir—'twill be a hamper in a hundred.

Sull. Yonder is her father going to the chapel, to examine Felix, run and propose for her, to him.

Billy. What did she ever do for me, that I should do such a fine thing for her?

Sull. Psha! go and ask his consent—fie! with that little bit of a pot-lead on your head—here's my grand three cock'd beaver, (*puts it on*) there now, look fierce.

Billy. She's in the next room, let me shew myself to her.

Sull. Talking to the girl before the daddy, is beginning the alphabet at the great A, instead of the aperceand. What strange things happen! 'twas but last Sunday, Father Murphy said; "Mr. Sullivan," said he, "that Billy O'Rourke, your usher, will certainly for his wickedness, come to some untimely end,"—and here you're going to be married, ha, ha, ha!

Billy. Ha, ha, ha!

Sull. We shall split our sides with laughing, when you ask the father to perform his function, ha, ha, ha!

Billy. Ha, ha, ha! but here's the 'Squire—must look grave—how is my face?

Sull. Very grave, how is mine?

Billy. Quite grave, I'll put on a bold look, will that do?

Sull. Ay, ay; copper, copper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Fields, with a view of the Chapel.*

Enter DONNYEROOK.

Don. What do they mean by their mail robbing! my letters have been deliver'd me. It's well my wife let's me know this Franklin has an estate here, a delicious spot for shooting,—a good match for Helen,—sixteen thousand a year, may have a peerage,—my daughter a countess.

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sull. How do you do Sir? come Billy.

Enter BILLY.

Don. Eh! who's this?

Billy. I'm so bashful, damn my shame face.

Sull. Arragh! did you say damn? none of your deed and deeds before the gentleman.

Don. My clothes!

Billy. Put in a good word, praise me. [*apart*]

Sull. I will. Sir, this Billy has a fine capacity, and he never swears.

Billy. And Sir, I'm so handy.

Don. Handy indeed! do you think I'll ever wear those clothes again?

Billy. There,—you see he gives them me entirely. 'Squire, if I was even to spend all my wife's fortune, I could maintain us both, without her wetting a finger.

Sull. Then Sir, he'd send his ten small children to my school.

Don. And pray what's this to me?

Sull. Oh! that's very good! the schooling of his eighteen small children is nothing to their grandfather; pho! boy, ask his consent at once.

Billy. I will,—hem!—damn my blushing face, you ask him?

Sull.

E N E

Sull. I will,—ask him you.

Don. What are you about?

Billy. Sir, I'm about nineteen, and I'm about six inches high, and five feet to the back of that, and I intend to be very fat——

Sull. You're fat enough already, that my cupboard can tell.

Billy. And I've three months wages due to me.

Sull. Oh! boy, you must never ask for that!

Don. These are surprizing things! but what's the jest? come to the point.

Billy. Why, Sir, the case is,—as I don't think it would be fair for me to run away with your daughter, without——

Don. Run away with my daughter! eh! how! what's that? *[fiercely.]*

Sull. Oh, ho! I see how the consent goes—because Sir, this vulgar, low bred scoundrel, has had the assurance to think you would give him miss Helen Donnybrook in marriage, and be damn'd to him.

Don. Cursed scoundrel! hark ye, Mr. Sullivan!

[exit with smothered rage.]

Sull. You go home, and black my boots, and make them shine like white marble! *(snatches his hat and wig off Billy, puts them on himself.)* *[exit.]*

Billy. I'm an impudent scoundrel! my twenty little babes shall never learn manners from you, old Sullivan. Here a young lady falls in love with a young fellow, merely for his prettyness, and I'm to be badger'd by her codger of a father.—I'll be damn'd if I don't have her tho'—this hand that has squeez'd a lady's finger,—brush coats!—no, no, Bob Sullivan, I'll back no more to your mouldy cupboard.—I'll run away with her, or I'll be——oh! here's Redmond O'Hanlon, though now the constable and the county keeper, yet he was a heart of steel, that I'm sure of.

Enter

Enter REDMOND, goes towards the Chapel.

Red. I'll have Felix out of this, then I'm paid for clapping him up again.

Billy. Redmond, I've a desperate wicked business, and I want you to help me, my good fellow.

Red. I can't—I'm now going to put irons on Felix.

Billy. You're a bold and a big man, Redmond O'Hanlon, and a fine thief taker, because you were a thief yourself once.

Red. Yes, I think I'm clever at arresting a man, or doing him an execution of chattles.

Billy. Aye, but don't you go steal his ducks, that will be over doing it, quack! quack!

Red. Yes, in Antrim I was a heart of steel, in Clonmel I was a white boy.

Billy. And I'm a tight boy,—now, there's a nice soul I want to steal.

Red. What, a fish?

Billy. No, a lady I want to run away with.

Red. Lady! I will,—I must step home for my hanger, this cuts out more work for me.

Billy. I thank ye.

[exit.]

A I R, REDMOND.

When young they call'd me roaring boy,

Eor blows I took delight in,

My drum I thought a darling toy,

Game chicks I set to fighting;

My play was lusty cudgel raps,

When not my gig top lashing,

The girls I set to pulling caps,

My work was Barley threshing;

The gossips say, ay, they'll be sworn,

A dreadful night, when I was born,

The moon in clouds, her face did muffle,

The elements were all at scuffle;

The brook into a torrent swelled,

A rock was split, an oak was felled;

The

Enter

The neighbours scream'd, "the houses shake,"
 The Banshee moan'd, the earth did quake;
 A Raven sung a thunder peal!
 For then first throbb'd an heart of steel.

At speed I ride, it does me good,
 If on a horse that's vicious,
 From wrangling Bull, a slice my food,
 Such beef-flake how delicious!
 Of all my liquors punch I love,
 Sweet contradiction jumble,
 With joy the craggy cliffs I rove,
 So winds and waters rumble.

The gossips say, ay, they'll be sworn, &c. *[exit.]*

Enter ROSA and HELEN, followed by FRANKLIN.

Helen. Come, Rosa, I will never rest till I have contrived some way to relieve your unhappy Felix.
[they go towards the chapel.]

Frank. Generous girl! the concern she takes for the unfortunate, charms me. But I'll see how far it will carry her. *(aside)* From the curiosity of my boyish rambles, I believe I know more of the country, than all its present inhabitants. *(aside)* Rosa, child, you love Felix,—I know he's innocent, yet the event of his trial is uncertain. I think he might escape.

Helen. Innocent, I'll be sworn he is.

Rosa. How cou'd he escape?

Frank. There is a way under ground from this very Chapel, to the ruins of the old abbey, about a mile up among the mountains. I believe I remember an old ballad about it *(sings)* "under the font is a little trap-door," &c.

Rosa. What, the old abbey yonder; dear, I recollect that cave perfectly.

Helen. Then, Rosa, without telling a soul we'll go by ourselves, and if possible, free him. *[apart.]*

Rosa. Thank you miss, we will, *(apart)* we thank you pedlar, and will not forget to reward you. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Inside of the Chapel.*

FELIX, *discover'd sitting on a form perusing a letter.*

Felix. This unfortunate letter! I must either betray the man that took it for me, or suffer in his stead. *[drops the letter.*

A I R, FELIX.

Life is sure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion,

Or rather say, a gallant ship, hard struggling cross
the deep;

Now we're smoothly sailing,
Now rough blasts prevailing,

And now becalm'd in fight of land, the winds are
rock'd to sleep.

Whilst below so jolly,
Foes to melancholy,

Sit the jovial laughing crew, around the social bowl;
From the top-mast spying,
Jack aloft sits crying,

In yonder flow'ry meadow roves the mistress of my soul
All warm his fond fancy,
Presents his lov'd Nancy,

As reading the letter, last sent by her dear;
Now does she bless him,
Close wou'd carefs him,
To her heart press him,

Was the rover near.

Hope does but cozen,
"Hoy" bawls the bos'en,

From the land we steer;

Now we're smoothly sailing,
Now rough blasts prevailing,

And now becalm'd the winds are hush'd, as rock'd
to peaceful sleep.

Life is sure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion,

Or rather say, a gallant ship, hard struggling cross
the deep.

D

Sull.

Sull. (*without*) Felix, I command you to keep from the door, whilst I open it, to see whether you're there or no.

Enter SULLIVAN.

Come in Billy, why do you hang behind?

Enter BILLY in his own clothes, frightened.

very odd, this wretch so belov'd, that all the country is in tears, and sobs at his being lock'd up.

[*locks the door.*]

Billy. Master, you needn't mind locking the door till we're out.

Sull. I must take care of the two offenders.

Billy. Two! sure there's only one.

Sull. You know Felix, before you did this last damnable job of journeywork, you lost your character, by assisting the poor people, and dashing your money about. Some thought you had found a pot of gold, others said you had sold yourself to the devil; but all were of one mind, that you went out robbing for it.

Felix. In a very short time I purpos'd making a full and open discovery; but as it has now happen'd, find it out how you can.

Sull. Then stay there and be hang'd, you obstinate, unmannerly blackguard, till a guard of soldiers come, with their muzzles screw'd upon their *bagnets*, to take you to Wicklow jail—then you'll be arraign'd, then the judge will put on his little black cap, you'll be condemn'd, the cord will be put round your neck, and off you go swinging, Billy O'Rourke.

Billy. Why, the Lord have mercy upon me, you great big fool! what do you talk to me at all? why don't you turn to Felix?

Sull. True; Felix, you'll be hang'd in chains, and as I write in my boys copy books, that will learn you wisdom in the days of your youth!—Eh! what's here? (*picks up the letter*) this is one of the letters
Felix

Felix
thing.

Billy.

Sull.

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Helen.

Billy.

Felix took from the bag, it may discover something.

[*aside and going.*]

Billy. Now I'll make off.

[*runs to the door.*]

Sull. Where are you going?

Billy. I was not going—only for Mr. Donnybrook to examine Felix.

Sull. (*takes the key from the door*) Oh! he has run to look for his daughter, she and Rosa can neither be found; Redmond O'Hapton has told the 'Squire, that some rascal attempted to carry her off.

Billy. Oh lord!

[*aside.*]

Sull. Billy, 'twasn't you sure, was it? you deserv'd only a horse whipping for your confounded impudence in asking for her, but the youth that tried to steal her away, will shuffle out of the world with Felix; but I'll go and read this letter in a corner.

[*exit.*]

Billy. (*greatly terrified*) Yes, I shall swing; a young man gets no good by following the girls, plague choak 'em, choak! Oh! Felix, should you be happy to shuffle out of the world in company? I don't mean my company—I never did any thing to deserve such treatment, (*turns*) gone! why old Sullivan has lock'd me in too, what have I done? I didn't do any thing—I never did nothing—Felix, I'd get you out if I cou'd—I wish I cou'd get you out, because then I cou'd get myself out—Felix, you shou'd try to get out—it's a great sin to die whilst we're alive.

Felix. True; death constantly pursues and must overtake us, yet we shou'd keep our onward way, and not turn to meet him. This simpleton's but sad comfort for the hour of sorrow.

[*goes in.*]

Billy. Is this door?—no, double lock'd. (*knocks*) Felix gone to sit in the vestry, I won't stay in this dismal place by myself.

[*going.*]

Helen. Felix!

[*sings.*]

Billy. What's that?

D 2

Helen.

Helen. Felix!

Billy. This is surely old Harry calling this wicked fellow to him.

A I R, HELEN.

Where now thou art is the path to heaven,

Yet sinner, in the world if thou'dst longer stay,

To thy own choice is the power given,

I am the person that can point the way.

Under the font is a tiny trap door,

Opening to a passage under the floor,

Darkly winding to the ragged pile,

That crumbles down the mountain hence one mile.

Billy. An under ground passage from this chapel to the mountains; what, that opens at the old abbey! huzza! huzza! thank ye, sweet little cricket, whoever you are. It's a fine lonely place, I can get off to Dublin without coming into Arklow again; (*seeks and finds trap*) ecod! here it is—Felix! Felix! hold, if I take him with me, I shall be hang'd for his rescue. No, no, to save going up, I'll go down.

Re-enter SULLIVAN, with letter.

not gone!

[*Shuts it hastily.*]

Sull. Whoever wrote this letter, didn't learn in my school-hand, it's a crow's claw; but I must read it to prepare proofs before Mr. Donnybrook comes.

Billy. Mr. Donnybrook coming! then I'm gone for certain!

Sull. Billy, where's that pair of spectacles Felix bought for me?

Billy. Yes Sir, I'll go home for them Sir, (*joyful*) open the door Sir.

[*Sullivan goes towards the door.*]

This will be better than escaping under the ground. I don't know where.

Sull. (*putting the key up*) No, Billy, stay here, we shall want you to write his confession.

Billy

Billy. Ay, I shall be sent to jail with Felix.
(terrified) Hell! death! and fury! let me out.

[very violent.]

Sull. Why Billy, what do you curse and swear so for in the chapel? you're grown such a reprobate, I shoudn't wonder if the ground was to open and swallow you up alive!

Billy. Oh, ho! *(significantly)* *(goes to the trap, opens it, and returns unperceived)* Lord! what's that?

[looking at the trap, and pretending terror.]

Sull. What's, what!

Billy. A great hole in the earth, blefs me!

Sull. (terrified) Ah! too late to blefs yourself now.

Billy. What's the matter with my feet? something pulling them, oh! help, help. *[groans.]*

Sull. Be quiet—father Murphy told me this wou'd be your end; Billy have some regard to the school where you were usher, go quietly, don't let them be sending fire and brimstone up here for you.

Billy. Oh Sir! master! hold me! oh! they'll have me down—oh, help! help! *[groans.]*

Sull. I won't lay a finger upon you, the horrid vengeance that awaits you, may communicate like electricity—I am so frighten'd, I'll sit down, I shall faint, oh for a pitcher of water to throw over me!

(exit.)

[noise without.]

Enter FELIX.

REDMOND and Country People, *break open the door.*

CHORUS.

At the hazard of our lives,
 Cattle, cabins, babes and wives,
 Generous Felix blythe and free,
 Again shall rove the hills and merrily.

Felix. No more I'll violate my country's laws.

Shame and death to choofe, how vain,

Chorus. And blot thy life with such a stain.

At the hazard of, &c. *[exeunt.]*

D 3

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*A Road.*

Enter SULLIVAN, with spectacles on, a letter in his hand.

Sull. Billy's untimely fate has so stupified me, that I forgot all concerns for this other rogue. I thought that by the hurly burly at the chapel door, Lucifer was come for him too—now this letter—why it's from his old nurse, (*reads*)—"your loving nurse, Margaret Fagan." What, 'tis all about his worsted stockings? [*Shouts and clamours without.*]

Enter REDMOND, hastily.

Red. Sir, here's Mr. Franklin, the lord of the manor, just arrived, and has had Felix put in irons; but he, out of thanks to the people for rescuing him, has told them of his finding a Gold Mine in Croghan Mountain, so all is now out, how he came by the cash. [*Shouts.*]

Enter Men, Women and Children, with spades, shovels, and divers implements, very noisy,

Sull. Hey! hey! now where are you all running?
1st. *Man.* Sure we're going to the Gold Mine.

Sull. The surprize has taken away my breath,—Felix found a Gold Mine! oh! the most damnable villain, to keep such a secret to himself, just as a bear wou'd a bee's nest; I wish I found it, I wou'dn't have let a soul know, but now I'll find it, and refine it, and double refine it, and super-refine it.

2d. *Man.* Come neighbours.

Sull. Hold! a'n't I a learned man, hav'n't I read big books of chymistry, all about transmutation, distillation, sublimation, calcination, evaporation, volatilization, exhalation, dephleguation, concentration,

tration, rectification, saturation, chrysalization, precipitation, conflagration and botheration.

1st. Boy. Is this Gold Mine under the ground, or over the ground?

Sull. Very probably.—Now stand on this side of me, for I am deaf in this ear, and you can't understand what I say to you—now one word I've to say to you all, listen to me, start fair.

Air, SULLIVAN.

About this same Gold Mine, I've one word to say,

The case I'll explain, by science most clear,

Bad luck to you all, one moment here stay,

And if you would hear,

Your mouths open wide,

Stand on my right side,

Because I'm quite bother'd so, in this left ear.

In troth Mr. Ryan,

I wish you'd stand back,

And Mrs. O'Brien,

Have done with your clack,

And Jemmy O'Rooney, Sir, pray lend me your sack.

To be spoken.—Whilst I explain—transmutation, distillation, sublimation, calcination, evaporation, volatilization, exhalation, dephlequation, concentration, rectification, saturation, chrysalization, precipitation, conflagration, and botheration.

Ah! now arragh!

Don't touch that wheel barrow;

And neighbours I begs,

You'll keep quiet your legs.

One word I'll sing, so now take care,

And that sweet word is, all start fair.

[Exit, with the wheel-barrow.]

SCENE

S C E N E *the last.**Croghan Mountains, ruins of an Abbey.**Enter DONNYBROOK, and ROSA crying, he with a fowling-piece.**Don.* I'll not part with you huffey, till you tell me where's my daughter; Helen was seen with you.*Rosa.* Nay Sir, don't be angry—mifs—is—is—*Enter HELEN at an aperture, cover'd with stones and brambles.**Helen.* (*speaks at the entrance*) Come out my fine little boy.*Don.* My daughter in a hole with a fine little boy!*Helen.* My father! (*aside*) now Sir, don't give the poor fellow up again.*Rosa.* Oh! Sir, save my Felix! [*kneels.*]*Enter BILLY, from the opening.**Billy.* Here I am my sweet little cricket, oh! lord! [*seeing Donnybrook.*]*Helen.* What, is it you, you wretch?*Don.* Come again from old nick; but I'll send you back to him, you dam'd,—[*presents at Billy, who falls on his knees.*]*Billy.* Oh! mercy!*Enter FRANKLIN, hastily, in his own clothes.**Frank.* Hold, Sir—don't let's have murder too.*Don.* He has stole my game, my coat and my girl! (*to Helen*) quit your mother's choice, (the pink of fine gentlemen,) for this dam'd lump of a munster potatoe.*Billy.* I'm neither a potatoe nor a turnip, old cabbage head.*Frank*

Frank. (*speaking off*) Bring the culprit this way.

Enter FELIX, iron'd, REDMOND and PEOPLE.

Convey him immediately to Wicklow ; but my lad, you're very young, you must have had some experienc'd accomplice ; (*turns to Redmond*) you mentioned a person, a kind of pedlar, that was seen loitering, come confess, (*to Felix*) was not that beggerman your confederate ?

Don. Yes, that rascally old thief did it all.

Frank. Give him up, and by my honor I not only promise you a pardon, but a high reward for your discovery of a Gold Mine on my estate.

Felix. Sir, if I die for it, my word to the last : the crime was all my own.

Billy. His last speech and true dying words.

Red. I say all the mischief was done by that curs'd rogue, the pedlar.

Billy. Ay 'Squire, 'twas he that set me on to affront miss Helen, he told me himself that he stole two ponies, four cows, a lamb and a finger post.

Rosa. He's a very good creature.

Helen. A brave old fellow.

1st. Man. I wish we could catch the dam'd rogue.

Frank. Silence !

[*sings.*

A farden ! a farden ! my fortune much decay'd is,

Of all the hands outstretch'd to me,

Oh ! blessings on the ladies.

[*Addressing all around, they affect extreme surprize.*

Then Felix, you positively will not hang me ? your hand—do you forget your old companion, master Tom Franklin, who was nurs'd with you in yon very cabin. I myself brought you that letter from Dublin, and made the boy tell the sham story of the mail robbery—my disguise and stratagem have prov'd, that your generosity and gratitude, are superior

rior to, even the concern for your life; and madam, (to Helen) your humane efforts to save a life so valuable, have acted more powerfully on my heart, than all I had before felt from the force of your charms.

Don. Ha, ha, ha! Helen, this is Mr. Franklin, your mother's choice.

Helen. Indeed! then Sir, your protection was but selfish—if I'm worth having—

Felix. I recollect you Sir, you are indeed the good natur'd young gentleman that, when we were children, honor'd me with his friendship.

Rosa. My dear Felix, can you forgive me.

Felix. My innocent Rosa, had I been the villain you suppos'd me, your conduct display'd but the purity of your heart.

Enter SULLIVAN with a sack, followed by country people.

Sull. Stay away all of you with your pans and pails, until your betters are serv'd. Billy! oh, then, king Plutus has sent you up with this cargo of golden curies; not a thumb upon the Gold, until I have fill'd my barley sacks.

Frank. Hold, Sir, as lord of the manor, I shall presume to lay a finger upon it; but, my lovely Helen, is the angel of the Mine, and it's all at her disposal; Felix has given the example, who not only discover'd the Gold Mine, but the far more valuable secret of putting Gold to its noblest use, deeds of benevolence.

FINALE.

F I N A L E.

Frank. Hence care and strife! nor damp our joy,
 Come friendship, mirth and love,
 And every sordid, base alloy,
 Let's from our bosom move;
 For was our gold, but Irish brass,
 Good humour's stamp can make it pass;
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Felix. To London town our Irish wags,
 A fortune hunting run,
 And then with heaps of shining bags,
 Their paltry souls are won.

Heleh and Rosa. If love cou'd e'er unite with gain,
 Here, lads, come find our golden vein.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Billy. I've learnt the letters in my book,
 By post you've letters sent,
 But till of late, you're such a rook,
 You knew not what they meant.

Sull. All letters nonsense are to me,
 But letters call'd G, O, L, D.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Chorus. Hence, care and strife! &c.

F I N I S.

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